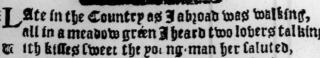
Young-man put to his Dumps: being a Gallant

Discourse on May-day last, between two witty Lovers,

. Here in this Song you may behold and fee, A Gallant Girl obtain'd by Wit and Honesty; All you that hear this Song, and mark it but aright, May fay true Love's worth Gold, and breeds much more delight. To a Pleasant new Tune, called, The Lovers delight, or, The Cambridge Horn.





then I drew near to hear what they disputed. Then I drew near to hear what they disputed.

Young-man.

Fair Baid, quoth be, this merry way moining, prefent one fmile to me, and be no longer frogning, Po ur conftant thoughts,or fick'e mind hall feber him who had bow'd to be thy own for ever,

D fag but to me, our lobes hall never lever.

Ofay, &c.

Maid.

Indeed Sie, quoth the, it is a milly mo ning, But I wou'd have you know I always hated frozn. To frop the Aream of true love it were a pitty, (tains And as for love, as pet I mean to for other. I know not one as yet, I love better than another. For frong off they are, cast out several fountains.

I know n't, &c.

(knowit, Man.

It cu not imothered be, but at last you'l thew it: to many feigned lobes you oft have by your cunning, The first time that I fam by fret & comip carriage Lis bard in: at to pierce your finty hearts alumder I cher fince defired that we were fo; n'd in marriage And flop our fickle freams it is a wonder.

lever, &c.

Then marriage &c.

Maid.

Lobe Sir go. hr, 's like a fithers Argle,

Erue lobe, fweet beart. id be, if e'ce you chance to As from fome fountain leberal Greems are running And stop, &c.

Man.

For Rony, &c.

igle, fle, fle, fweet-heart, your wit both ober-match ne, which ett hath golden tai's tilly maitens to entan. Ho words con impart, but prefently i cu cotch me: And cumping year out by pring-mens falle inventi. You maidens now each day, do grow le cor & write, then marriage they'l pretent when'tis not their (ons let roung-men beg a pray you'l take of them no pitty (intentiors. Let yourgemen, &c.



Man.

all in a meadow green I heard two lovers talking D'ils to my dear, true Love is like a fountain, which cases out water clear, out of a rocky mountain Whole Aream for to Kop, you'l lay it is a wonder, like wife 'tis as trange to cleate the rocks in funder Likewife, &c.

Such is my love to thee and Gall be ever,

By he it from thee which always thall be byinging Fountains clear and fresh which from true Love is Fountains clear, &c. (lpzinging.

your comparison, saith the, I must confess is witty, (ing, But your heart you compare indeed to rocky mouns

b

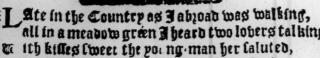
t

Young-man put to his Dumps: being a Gallant

Discourse on May-day last, between two witty Lovers,

. Here in this Song you may behold and fee, A Gallant Girl obtain'd by Wit and Honesty; All you that hear this Song, and mark it but aright, May fay true Love's worth Gold, and breeds much more delight. To a Pleasant new Tune, called, The Lovers delight, or, The Cambridge Horn.





then I drew near to hear what they disputed. Then I drew near to hear what they disputed.

Young-man.

Fair Baid, quoth be, this merry way moining, prefent one fmile to me, and be no longer frogning, Po ur conftant thoughts,or fick'e mind hall feber him who had bow'd to be thy own for ever,

D fag but to me, our lobes hall never lever.

Ofay, &c.

Maid.

Indeed Sie, quoth the, it is a milly mo ning, But I wou'd have you know I always hated frozn. To frop the Aream of true love it were a pitty, (tains And as for love, as pet I mean to for other. I know not one as yet, I love better than another. For frong off they are, cast out several fountains.

I know n't, &c.

(knowit, Man.

It cu not imothered be, but at last you'l thew it: to many feigned lobes you oft have by your cunning, The first time that I fam by fret & comip carriage Lis bard in: at to pierce your finty hearts alumder I cher fince defired that we were fo; n'd in marriage And flop our fickle freams it is a wonder.

lever, &c.

Then marriage &c.

Maid.

Lobe Sir go. hr, 's like a fithers Argle,

Erue lobe, fweet beart. id be, if e'ce you chance to As from fome fountain leberal Greems are running And stop, &c.

Man.

For Rony, &c.

igle, fle, fle, fweet-heart, your wit both ober-match ne, which ett hath golden tai's tilly maitens to entan. Ho words con impart, but prefently i cu cotch me: And cumping year out by pring-mens falle inventi. You maidens now each day, do grow le cor & write, then marriage they'l pretent when'tis not their (ons let roung-men beg a pray you'l take of them no pitty (intentiors. Let yourgemen, &c.



Man.

all in a meadow green I heard two lovers talking D'ils to my dear, true Love is like a fountain, which cases out water clear, out of a rocky mountain Whole Aream for to Kop, you'l lay it is a wonder, like wife 'tis as trange to cleate the rocks in funder Likewife, &c.

Such is my love to thee and Gall be ever,

By he it from thee which always thall be byinging Fountains clear and fresh which from true Love is Fountains clear, &c. (lpzinging.

your comparison, saith the, I must confess is witty, (ing, But your heart you compare indeed to rocky mouns

b

t

Maid. Fie away to Bame, you young-men can dillemble, we with are ripe, your tongues are quick & nimble If e're I think an evil thought of thee,

Then leave us in the lurch, and we may repent at Man. Fhen leave, &c.

but if then woulde prove my constancy thou'lt find it for loyal lobing hearts will be the worlds wonder. Do thou but once command, through danger 3 will For loyal, &c.

And for, &c. Sweetheart i'd habe you know I neber could billem. Thy gallant wit, thy modely and carriage, e my complements are flow, my tengue was

(neber nimble, 'tis none but faithful love that makes me come un-

It is not, &c. Nith that a buth of spay this lovely spaid elyed, peer to a bank of Lime, whereto the quickly bied : Befoge the 5 day in wedlock we'l be beaved, (wedded,

Down the plucks the spay which was both green &

And up, &c.

the fruck the buth of May in the time, a did prefent it, he was a gallant Lad, and the was well contented. Unto this young-man, which was foon discontented

Bere Sir, quoth the, if that you will be ealed,

Read but, &c. Young man.

n

T

De tok it from ber band and receib's it as a token, Blufbing then at lat, he modeftly replied,

Your riddle, &c. This Bay fuck in Time, which is to me pielenting,

No time, &c. He took her by the hand, & lovingly they walked, (ed being ty'b in cupios bands, most amogoully they taik All rou pletty saids that are cibil in your carriage, they on each other lmil'd, with interchanging killes This long is leat to you to be warp in your marri-

O'tis pitty, &c. Berhaps (weet Sir, you by your Riddle reading, Pay think you gained me by little og no perfwading withich if you did 'tis pet at my pleafure,

I am not bound to you get, but you must stay my (lei'ure I am not, & c.

Then let this heart, which in this bleft lies panting Po happinels e're lee, but let joys be ever wanting, Indes you'l beg & crouch Cometime to get your ple. Let mirth be banifit quite, & forrow wait upon me.

(fure, Then let miren, &c. tat If it be lo, quoth the, thou beart fuch true effection, (le fure. Bereafter i'le agree to be ruled by thy direction, I must confels dear love, there's many are to minded po friend hall feber of break our loves in funder,

And toy to gain thy love through an Army (enter, the time that late was mine to thee than be presented (would I benture. All that I habe is thine then reft the felf contented,

(ble, wath won my heart, we will te joyn'd in marriage.

Hath won, &c.

Young man. It is not for the wealth, but for the bertue (to the, he took her at her word, and modelly replace, le is not, &c. (that I love thre. Short time I will afford, long time wall be benied, This being the arit of Pay our hearts being joyn's &

Before, &c. tain d, (flenber. Abe bundred pounds'tis faib with this maiten be oba And up the pluckt the Time, with her pretty arm le on marriage day was paid which by his wie he gain'd Although no means he had the never a whit repented

He was, &c.

Bow all you pretty maids that libe in town or City, Read but this riodle, ar, perhaps you may be pleased: the author you perswades to learn from this his ditty If a youngman you love, lok not then for his treature For if he honeft probe, in him is wealth and pleature.

For if, &c.

Then in a dump did Rand, e neber a word was looken you young men i'le perlwade likewile to hear my mo-If you after a maid regard not then her postion, (tion Pour Middle I can read lobe and hall not be denged: Bang ten pounds, gibe me the lass that lobes me, (the If a constant wife thou's found, no joys on earth abobe If a, &c.

Shew that I may in time gain your love with tweet young-men & maids that late'y went a maying. (ing which if I may, ile flay your time & lefur (contenting if you mark the nightingale, one tune he's alway plays po time t'le think to long, fo at last I gain the trea. lug, jug, tweet is all the note the Angeth, bringeth (fure. As when faith'ul lobers meet no bouble tongues they

As when, &c.

D'tis pitty time beguil'd fuch lobers of their blilles Erp befoze you truit, be careful in contenting, (age.) Withen you are bound obey you mult, for there is no re-

FINIS. When you, &c. (repenting.

London, Printed for VV. Thackeray, T. Passinger and VV. VVbitwoods